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### Orleans County Monitor, PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

GEO.H. BLAKE,

BARTON, VT.

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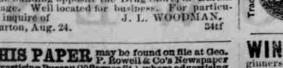
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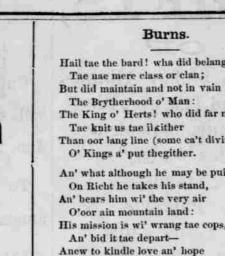
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In the despairing heart.

Nae sophistry can win him

His love o' humble warth.

For intellectually sublime,

He poured in an immortal sang

That's ringing roun the earth:

This humble peasant saw, that

Despite distinctions here, in time

"A man's a man for a' that."

Twas he who measured men by birth,

'An worshiped rank an' station;

For after honours we wad sneak.

An' he'd defend the wrang, An' he wad trample on the weak,

An' truckle tae the strang:

Stick ribbons in the button hole.

But still despite o' a' the wrang

The spirit o' the peasant's sang

Is pity, love an' kindness:

For even some o' them

Tae pity than condemn :

He had a hert tae teel

E'en for the very Deil,

Tho' in the grasp o' poverty

Wi' a' its wants an' fears,

As 'twere a fount o' tears.

Gien to the brute creation.

O' his roused indignation;

He pities e'en the warst o' folk.

An' for the outcast everywhere,

An' had some sympathy to spare,

His hert o'erflows for ither's woes

E'en when he sees a needless pang

He wha inflict'st mann bide the stang

The thochtless youth cannot escape

For mercy in the peasant's shape

Stands forth protesting there.

That fills the hert an' e'e:

Are magic words to me.

For a' the glory o' a dream,

A little nameless river:

Who wounds the harmless "Hare."

His sangs has something in their soun'

"Ye banks an' braes o' bonnie Doon'

O Doon! thou'st like nae ither stream,

Love's sacred spell has bound thee,

Thou sped unknown, through ages lang

The peasant threw around thee:

Till pity poured love's tears in sang

An' hallowed thee forever:

A fount o' hopes an' fears.

Shall stir it into tears.

For by the poet's magic art,

Tho' but a moorland river,

It shall roll on for ever;

Wi' him the birds forever sing

The gowans ne'er depart;

Wi' a' its snawy blossoms.

Forever in our bosoms;

The sun itsel may vary;

And in the mirthfu' vein.

Au' humour a' his ain;

Set daddie care a daffin'

What fancies flit on mother-wit.

Until his mirth-provoking strains

An' pit sic fun in his auld veins

A' through the air sae mirk.

In Alloway's auld kirk;

Amang his crew uncanny;

Sees a' the devils dance and fling,

An' cross an' cleek ur' Nannie

Hears Tammie, as his senses swim,

Ryar "Weel dune Cutty Sark."

An' hears the hellish legion grim

Rush on him in the dark,

On his immortal Maggie!

Saw mortal ever sic a sicht?

Can nestle amang rags,

An' lang across the brig o' time

That legion weird an' scraggy,

Shall chase triumphant Tam sublir

An' do! aneath the cloud o' nicht

Despite misfortune's deggers,

As a' they "Jolly beggars."

And even love and joy can wait

E'en wisdom gravely listens when

His "Twa Dugs" tak a seat;

Tae get some licht on ways o' men.

But has some hole in his ain coat.

Let them tak tent wha think they stann,

Amang auld mealy bags.

But even dugs are beat.

An' wha amang us a'

Burns wasna perfect tae a dot,

An' maybe some hae twa.

God keeps us humble a'!

The pride o' never having fa

O never, never! foreward be

The erring ane tae blame,

For under like temptation ve

Micht just hae dune the same

But did he gie his soul's consent

Although he did the wrong;

We love him for he did maintain

And time shall cease to roll.

Shall fire the freeman's soul.

The Scotia's pride then art.

In spirit thou belongest to

The universal heart.

tion of time.

His "Scots wha hue wi' Wallace bled,"

Hail! Minstrel o' the brave and true,

They play base ball in Siberia and it's

a cold day, no matter what club gets left.

A Sioux chief is learning to ride the

hicycle, and the final extermination of

the aboriginal race is now only a ques-

A Chinaman has just published a book

in which he says: "Woman does not re-

quire study to make herself perfect; she

is born perfect." The Chinese can stay.

The young lady artist from the city

went into the country to sketch a cow.

She selected one with a ring in her (his)

nose. They picked her up on the other

A Patterson, N. J., school boy persist-

ed in throwing his hat upon the floor, un-

til finally the teacher chastised him se-

verely. "Now," said the breathless teach-

er, "do you know where your hat ought

to have been?" "Yes, sir; inside my

clothing' sir," replied the boy.

side of a seven rail fence.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

We love him even wi' a stain.

Nae matter wha may ban:

And till the ages a' are fled.

The liberty of Man.

Burns micht hae muckle tae repent

Frae "passions wild and strong;"

Itsel's a dreedfu' fa'

E'en happiness that shuns the great

Despite the thunder's dreadfu' soun,

Mang deils an' watches he's set down

He hears auld Nick play up a spring,

He canna flyte for laughin'.

But down the ages he shall go

Wi' his dear Highland Mary.

He carries a supernal spring

Forever in his heart.

Through the green regions o' the hear

The "modest flower" he crushed to earth

By him transplanted blooms henceforth

An' a' the streams may cease to flow;

Anon the bard doth change his mood,

Lang as the human hert remains

This simple little strain o' strains

That comes by human blindness,

Wi' a' their flaws he fin's mair cause

An' gartens at his knee,

An' his bit trifle o a' sowl

Gang perfectly a-gley.

And if there was a man on earth

Wha had his detestation,

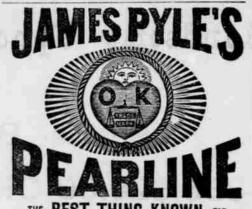
Tae what plain common sense e'as richt

An' daurs tae speak wi' a' his micht

The burning thochts within him;

His sense o' richt, his sense o' wrang,

Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold Only in Cans. Royal Baking Powder Co,,109 Wall St., N.Y.



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Ladies and Gents, and Children, too, Please give me your attention; While facts of interest to you In rhyme I briefly mention.

If you didn't know before, What lots of useful, pretty things I've seen in Seaver's store

In Barton-P. O. Block-Main Street, That is the place I mean ; Tho' if you live in town you must

The first thing that your eyes light on In entering at the door Is stoves-you look again, there's stoves O'er all the spacious floor.

One of those elegant parlor stoves And so many cook-stoves and ranges

On those sherves at the right there's crockery, Both decorated and white Of handsome shapes; nice glassware, too,

'Tis truly a pretty sight. And here's a lot of handsome cups, Moustache cups, coffees, teas;

Pretty pictured plates and toys of glass, Which must the children please.

All kinds and prices, too: From twenty-five cents to seven dollars, Some of them must suit you.

Take one of those elegant hanging lamps At a price to suit a peasant; Don't you think, my friend, that it would

Here's a lunch box for a school girl, Carried by strap so neat: Which will do its work complete. There's box on box of hardware: And there,s tin; Oh, such a lot!

Except for visitors: for them They always have a seat : And if they wish to look or buy They'll civil treatment meet.

The old lady's told her story, Just call and make inquiry of Yours truly,





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ver; in the other the joints are only stiff and pairful In either form Salvation Oil may be relied on effect a cure. It kills pain. 25 cents. Cough Syrup has given it a larger sale than any other remedy of its class. Price 25 cents.

Gretty's Trust.

Hail tae the bard! wha did belang Tae nae mere class or clan; But did maintain and not in vain The Brytherhood o' Man: The King o' Herts! who did far mair Tac knit us tae il sither Than oor lang line (some ca't divine) O' Kings a' put thegither. An' what although he may be puir, On Richt he takes his stand,

> Far beneath him were hills and valleys, a village and a lake, and a streamlet meandering through a dark pine wood. Very beautiful, all of it. but its beauty was entirely lost on Von Hausen, as he sat there on his stone thinking aloud, after the manner of solitary men who are well up er for a moment be allowed to think in years. He cared no more for the of home. Nor must he write, or scenery than did any of those bats that, like birds of evil omen, went destroyed. sweeping past him and past him,

"Virtue always triumphant!" he was saving. "Pah! mere sentiment,

The fact is, Von Hausen had been to the play in the village down yonder only the evening before. He had spent no less a sum than twenty batzen on those strolling actors. Not for any pleasure it would give him, had he gone, but Gretty, the prettiest girl in all the village, had asked him to take her. She could not go alone, she said, and Rudolf would hardly return from chamois-hunting for

"Virtue always triumphant! Yes, soul," shouted Bernezell. is. Ha! ha! And I have that. O, old, you know." my worthy, but poverty-struck friend Rudolf, you may return when you please; Gretty will marry Von Hausen. Old? Eh? Who calls me old?"

He took snuff as he spoke from an old horn, sending the powder home with his finger-point, and it must be and leered like an aged baboon.

"Old? Let me see; seventy last birthday. Merely in my prime. Ten years more, and I'll be only eighty; twenty, and I'll be but ninety; then I may grow old. Eagles renew their ages. Why shouldn't-aha!"

the brink of it-the next step would have been his last.

But a rough hand seized him by the coat collar, pulling it up till his back at the same time.

sel of feather stuck jauntily in his hat just to show the village maidens, a bachelor.

as bad as any one else. Humph!" this is gratitude! What are you go-

eh?"

put upon your-ha! ha! ha!"

What d'ye mean? You're uncommonly like a fool !"

"No!" he chuckled, taking another pinch, and digging his friend in the ribs. "On-the-contrary. Was at the play last night with Gretty. Ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! She doesn't

lager. Keep your hands to yourself. Do you think I want your assistance to get up!"

> "Young on the legs, eh?" "I should think you are."

the village tavern. They hadn't taken long to go down hill. "I'm going to unfold my plans. But

here, let us have another pint." "What can the old heron mean," muttered Bernezell to himself, "by such reckless liberality. Something the wind, I know. The gray hawk

doesn't whistle till just as he is going

to swoop."

how is trade, eh? Got good hags "Hardly any luck at all," sighed

"Wouldn't mind having a spell of cannot tell you more. Nay, I pray

pleasure, I dare say?-couple of you do not ask. My mouth is sealmonths in France, now? Come, come, you're not drinking. We'll have another pint. Money was made to spend. Drink and be merry, you young dog, you, I say."

When quite unfolded, Von Hauen's plans were something as follows: Bernezell was to meet Rudolf in the hills, and prevent his return for a to whom he was betrothed. The was to pay all expenses, but the young man must be kept in Paris, in the midst of gayety, and must nev-

"Suppose," said Bernezell, "he misses his foothold among the mountains, and tumbles into a crevasse?" The old man positively rubbed his

hands and eackled with delight. "Capital! capital! capital!" was all that he could say. "Ha! ha! ha! Capital! Virtue is always triumphant in the end. He! he!"

"Of all the old sinners that ever

"Eh? eh?" What's that?" cried Von Hausen, who had not heard

That very night this miserly Von Hausen counted out to Bernezell one by one the pieces of gold; for the chamois hunter was to start early

"I declare." said Von Hausen, "i is like buying a wife. Precious expensive affair. But I can trust you.' "Certainly; virtue, you know, is

"Go on! go on!" cried Von Hausen, "good night. Go home and

"Go home and sleep indeed," said Bernezell to himself, as he trudged off with his gun on his shoulder. "Yes: but not before I've seen Gret-

Once clear of the village, he took his way hillwards up the glen. High up in the middle of the mountain lights were gleaming-it was now dark: they came from the windows of Gretty's cottage. A very humble hut it was, though very pretty and mother, tended the goats, and looked after the dairy, for the old woman seldom left her chair all day.

Gretty ran to meet Bernegell, and took both his rough hands in her own wee white ones. Was he not a friend of her lover's? She led him in, and the old woman nodded, smiling, at a stool near the bright, cheerful fire of Gretty had just dressed for the

evening, and very simple, but neat was her attire. She was slight and delicate in form, with sparkling eyes

She asked fifty questions of Bern ezell, nearly all on the same subject and when the chamois hunter bade the mother good-night at last, and went away, he beckoned Gretty to

"He has something to tell me

Very humble are the heroes of this little tale, but in Gretty's eyes he Rudolph was by no means humble. No young man in the glen was so tall, fresh and rosy, so stalwart and strong, as Rudolf, goat-herd though he was. None had so beautiful a voice, so white a brow, such glossy hair. None could bound the crags or climb the mountain steep, axe in leers in a moment. His face lighted | hand, so bravely as he did, and his up like a withered lemon with the af- | wild glou-glou at sunrise or sunset could be heard ringing high over hill and glen, and reechoed, too, from peak to peak. And Gretty, simple lassie, loved him so dearly and de-

votedly. There was a scimitar moon shining through the pine tree tops, and the stars were all out, so there was light enough to see the footpath that led to the well. Here was a seat, and Bernezell did not say a word, anxious though Gretty was until he got there. The truth is that this honest chamois-hunter hardly knew what to say, or how much he dare in fairness tell the girl.

Probably he ought to have thrown to have anything to do with his plans and schemes. "But," he thought, "if I do, my friend's life is not worth pot-metal-but how sweetly they a day's purchase. Murder has been committed among these mountains No, I'll take the cash, and I'll keep Rudolf away for a time. I shall not spend the money, though I have a brother in Paris who will be glad to see us. And the gold I'll send as a gift to Gretty's mother, when her daughter is married. She will not know where it came from, and it will

keep her in comfort for years," "Gretty, my little sister," he said, when they were seated by the well. 'iyan won't see nor hear from your lover for two whole months. He is well, and will be well. He and I are and I haven't bagged a buck for five going together. It will be for your good-at least, for your mother's. I

ed. You'll be true?"

There were tears and prayers and entreaties, yet Bernezell remained as firm as the rocks that towered above them; but when he left next day to seek his friend in the hills, he carried with him a lock of bonnie hair in a tiny parcel, and beside it the blue ribbon that bound it.

Rudolf was rejoiced at the idea of going to Paris, but couldn't he go to lage for that time, nor see Gretty, see Gretty first? No, there was not an hour to lose. He must come at once or stay.

"Then I'll go," said the young man. "I can trust Gretty."

"You may in leed." "And what a deal I'll have to tell her when I do get back !"

"Yes." said Bernezell, laughing. So away they went together over the hills.

Old Von Hausen was a friend of Gretty's mother. Gretty's father and he had been inseparables. He came to the cottage now every day. He read to the old lady, and talked versal themes were money and poverty: the pleasures the former could bring, the misery entailed by the lat-

He broached the subject nearest his heart first to the mother, and, strange or not strange, he gained her consent to marry Gretty.

Meanwhile weeks flew by, and there was no word from Rudolf. when I kept hauling in rope instead blamed for doubting the facts con-Weeks and a month, and then two. of climbing. that is what she said. Pah! money "Ha! ha! Yes, merry, but not so O, what could have become of him? It must be understood that two Was he false? Impossible!

But a terrible storm with a slight all Gretty's goats appeared to have stampeded during the night. At all events, the doors were found open. over a precipice near the cottage. Near that dear old well where she had plighted her troth she now must

Ah! it was the mournful tale of Auld Robin Gray repeating itself, for Gretty's

poverty stared them in the face, and they were beholden to the charity of

Von Hausen, the miser. By night as well as by day Gretty toiled hard with her knitting-needles. Work was the only consolation, the only relief she could find. And her face grew wan, and dark circles appeared about her beautiful eyes. What can be harder to bear than grief and poverty, too? Many months went by, and still no

Von Hausen had heard he was dead; that did not add to Gretty's grief. Some one else heard he was married; this was worse, but she

Meanwhile where were the truants? Bernezell had found his brother ailing, and at the end of a month medicinal men had prescribed a voyage to Maderia. They would just get back within five weeks, then they would both return to the dear little cot among the Swiss mountains, and Rudolf would marry his Gretty. Here at Maderia, Bernezell's brother died,

"We are wealthy now, alas!" said Bernezell, "and we'll go shares." The steamer that was to take them to France was a week behind time. One day, "Yonder she is!" shouted Rudolf, and off they both went, and were bundled on board. The ship stayed but an hour, then steamed away again, bound for the distant cape. They had boarded the wrong

There came a day when in the little cot among the hills Gretty sat weeping by her mother's bedside, and near her stood Von Hausen. The doctor had just gone. Nothing, he had said, except a change could save the pa-

"Now, Gretty, my child, now or never!" cried the old man. wife. Give me the right to save your mother's life. Gretty, be mine." Gretty's mother did not speak, but

"She gazed in Gretty's face till her heart was

like to break." Gretty stood up-tearless now, but with sad, pale face. She took her mother's hand.

"Give me the right to save your nother's life," pleaded the miser once again.

"Stay!" cried a manly voice, "I have a prior claim." Next moment, with a fond cry, and color in her cheeks once more, Gretty was press-

ed to her lover's breast. That day three weeks, dinkle-dinkle-dinkle-dang went the village bells. Not pretty bells at all-indeed, I always thought they were sounded in Gretty's ears! She was going to church to be married. That ends my story, as marriage ends all stories. Yet one word; a few years after this the old miser died, and Rudolf found himself his heir. "As some reparation," said the will, "for evil done and meditated."

The only persons who do not unnerstand how to run a newspaper are those who have tried it.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

THE RESCUE OF THE MONI-TOR'S SURVIVORS.

From a paper on the Loss of the Monitor, accompanying Capt. Ericsson's account of his vessels in the this respect, may be taught neatness December Century, we quote the following: "After a fearful and dangerous passage over the frantic seas, we reached the Rhode Island, which still had the tow line caught in the wheel and had drifted two miles to leeward. We came alongside under the lee bows, where the first boat, that had left the Monitor nearly an hour before, had just discharged its men; but we found that getting on board the Rhode Island was a harder task than getting from the Monitor. We were carried by the sea from stern to stern, for to have made fast would have been fatal; the boat was bounding against the ship's sides; sometimes it was below the wheel, and then, on the summit of huge wave, far above the decks; then the two boats would crash together; and once while Surgeon Weeks was holding on to the rail much with the daughter. His uni- he lost his fingers by a collision which swamped the other boat. Lines were thrown us from the deck of the Rhode Island, which were of no assistance, for not one of us could climb a small rope; and besides, the men who threw them would immediately let go their holds in their excitement, to throw an-

other-which I found to be the case

vessels lying side by side, when there is any motion to the sea, move shock of earthquake took place, and alternately; or in other words, one is constantly passing the other up or down. At one time, when our boat was near the bows of the steamand the goats had fallen or been cast | er, we would rise upon the sea until we could touch her rail; then in an instant, by a very rapid descent, we could touch her keel. While we were thus rising and falling upon the sea, I caught a rope, and rising with the boat managed to reach within a foot or two of the rail, when a man, if there had been one, could easily have hauled me on board. But they had all followed after the boat, which at that instant was washed astern, and I hung dangling in the air over the bow of the Rhode Island, with Ensign Norman Atwater hanging to the cat-head, three or four feet from me, like myself, with both hands clinching a rope and shouting for some one to save him. Our hands grew painful and all the time weaker, until I saw his strength give way. He slipped a foot, caught again, and with his last prayer, 'O, God!' I saw him fall and sink, to rise no more. The ship rolled, and rose upon the sea, sometime with her keel out of water, so that I was hanging thirty feet above the sea, and with the fate in view that had befallen our much-beloved companion, which no one had witnessed but myself, I-still clung to the rope with aching hands, calling in vain for help. But I could not be heard, for the wind shricked far above my voice. My heart here, for the only time in my life, gave up hope, and

bottom of the boat, 'Where in -

THE HEALTH OF PUPILS.

isthenics. Close them five minutes

After each session see that the

before the end of recess.

windows are thrown open.

did you come from?"

the schools:

the windows.

that inside the room.

be made imperative.

principal.

to be effectual.

the upper sash of the windows.

boxes and pipes which supply air to

the school-room. This rule ought to

It would be a useful custom to

note the indication of the thermome-

ter at intervals of an hour during the

session, and report the same to the

Ashes, waste and rubbish should

not be allowed to accumulate in the

Where the old-fashioned and ob-

jectionable vaults and troughs still

obtain, order the use of disinfectants

in sufficient quantities and frequency

Regulate the seating and desk ac-

cellar or about the premises.

# home and friends were most tender- to attend to business, and add to

ly thought of. While I was in this the profit and reputation of those state, within a few seconds of giving who work for gain. Be prompt; up, the sea rolled forward, bringing honor your engagements. If you with it the boat, and when I would have fallen into the sea, it was thing at a certain moment, be ready there. I can only recollect hearing at the appointed time. If you go an old sailor say as I fell into the Dr. John B. Morgan, instructor in hygiene in the public schools, submits the following suggestions to teachers, affecting the health of pupils, and the sanitary condition of Open the windows wide at recess time, and during the practice of cal-Windows are the best ventilators. Let your attention be frequently directed to that fact. Make judicious use of the boards at the bottom of Occasionally step outside and compare the "feeling" of the air with The heated and vitiated air at the top of the room must be expelled. necessity for snapping it out, dog-If there are no provisions made in fashion, but say it firmly and rethe ventiducts for that purpose, use spectfully. Have but few confidantes. Use your own brains rath-The air from the basement should er than those of others. Learn to not be allowed to enter any of the act and think for yourself. Be vig-

> I am glad to tell you that since using Athlophoros twenty years. A lady near me, who could not turn in bed for two years, has found relief from it. Rev

A poet sings, "I threw my love to him, and it hath gone astray." Of course. If she had thrown a stone at a cow, the missile would have gone astray too. The better plan would have been to carry her love to

commodations according to the size of the pupils. In this way many Those Palpitations are but the premonitions of seated heart disease; the pains in the side are warn-

A certain form of "sore eyes" (producing excessive purulent secretion) is contagious. The child so suffering should be excused from attending school and put under medi-

and good taste.

cal treatment. In questionable cases of skin disease, where communicability may be feared, ask for advice.

sickness of school children can be

Urge upon pupils cleanliness of

person. By so doing, many a child,

who otherwise might be careless in

traced to this single cause.

#### THE SMALLEST DOG IN THE WORLD.

Nearly two hundred different kinds of dogs! Think of it! And yet this is not difficult to believe; for, we have water dogs, watch dogs, sheep dogs, fighting dogs, pet dogs, sledge dogs and carriage dogs; thick dogs and slender dogs, long-legged and short-legged dogs; dogs for killing rats, and dogs for killing wild boars; dogs for use, and dogs for ornament; dogs to care for us, and dogs for us to care for.

Then there is the little dog-the toy dog, as it is called. The smallness to which a dog can be reduced is remarkable; and if the size of the very smallest dog had not been officially recorded, no one could be cerning the little fellow.

"Tiny," a black-and-tan terrier, has the honor of having been the smallest full-grown dog that ever lived. He belonged to Liutenant-General Sir Archibald Maclaime of England, and in honor of his extreme tininess, is now carefully pre-

served under a glass case. Tiny was less than four inches long, and could comfortably curl up and take a nap in a common glass tumbler. An ordinary finger-ring was large enough for his collar; and when he sat up, a baby's hand would almost have made a broad and safe resting-place for him.

Of course Tiny was of no account against a rat. Indeed, a hearty selfrespecting mouse would have stood its ground against the little fellow. But if Tiny had not strength, he did have courage, and would bark as lustily as his little lungs would let him at the biggest rat that ever lived -when the rat was dead.

To tell the truih, Tiny was remarkable and he was famous, but he was not very happy. He could have had almost anything he wished to cat, but he had no appetite. He shivered most of the time, even though he was usually hidden in warm wraps. Of course he caught cold easily, and then, oh, dear! how pitifully he would sneeze !-St. Nich-

## A WORD OF ADVICE.

It is as easy to be a good man as a poor one. Half the energy displayed in keeping ahead that is required to catch up when behind, would gain credit, give more time promise to meet a man, or a certain out on business, attend promptly to the matter on hand, and then as promptly attend to your own business. Do not stop te tell stories during business hours. If you have a place of business, be there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons. Never "fool" on business matters. Have order, system, regularity and promptness. Do not meddle with business you know nothing of. Never buy an article vou do not need. simply because it is cheap, and the man who sells it will take it out in trade. Strive to avoid barsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path-more miles can be made in a day by going steadily on, than by stopping to kick. Pay as you go; a man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Aid, but never beg. Relieve others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say no. No

I am freer from rheumatism than I have been in Mrs. A. Heath, Castleton, Vt.

ilant. Keep ahead, rather than be-

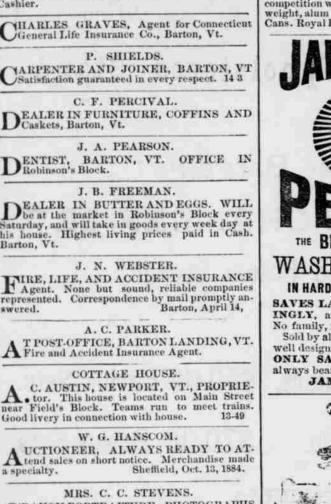
hind the times. Young man, cut

this out, and place it, by careful pe-

rusal, in the golded storehouse of

your brain, and if you find there is

bad habits of posture, perhaps deings. Take in season Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator It will not fail you. No new remedy, been sold for



I want to tell you this, my friends,

The place have often seen.

Would make you forget cold weather; I never saw together.

The window's nearly full of lamps;

An acceptable Christmas present? There's a saw and sawhorse for a boy.

That if you go through all the store You'll find no vacant spot

And if you don't believe her





No Wash Boiler! No Steam! No Odor! Saves Fuel! Saves Labor! Saves Time! Saves Money!

> There are two forms of chronic rheumatism; one in which the joints are swollen and red without fe-

With more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. Hallett Book Co., Portland, Me. 15-8

Old Von Hausen sat on a stone about half-way up the Gulderhorn. Far above and on each side of him rose the eternal hills, their ice-clad hills at the present moment rosy-pink with the sun's parting rays. But up from the green valleys gray blue shadows were creeping and driving

the pink away.

and round and round his head.

mere moonshine."

days to come.

confessed he looked anything but handsome as he did so, for he wrinkled his brows and twinkled his eyes,

screamed, "yonder is an eagle!" He started up as he spoke, and, with eyes turned skywards and finger pointing up, began tottering forward step by step towards-destruction-a precipice fully five hundred feet deep lay at his feet; he was on

head sank within, like a monk's in his cowl, but dragging the old man "Tired of your sinful life, old bird?" said the new-comer, a rough good-natured chamois hunter, with gun in hand, and bag on back, a mor-

he used to say, that Bernezell was still "Old bird!" cried Von Hausen, reseating himself on his stone. "Who are you calling an old bird? You're "Well, I say," said Bernezell,

ing to give me for saving your neck, "Neck? What? O, yes, to be sure. We'll go down to the village, and I'll

pay for a pot of lager." "A pot of lager !" cried the other, laughing. "Is that all the value you "Value I put upon my ha-ha-ha!

"Well well, perhaps I am; but I say, friend, you're in a fine temper to-night. Any one been vexing you?" The old man grew all smiles and

mourn long for her hunter. And look here; she's going to marry me." "Marry you!" "Ay, she promised-that is, she will promise when I ask her. But now come along down and have the

"I beg a thousand pardons, old bi -I mean you merry young grouse, you! Here, I say, hold on; don't leave me behind. Why, you go bounding along like a young stag.'

"And now," said Von Hausen,

They were seated very shortly in

"Well," said Von Hausen, "and the other. "I'm stiff with jumping,

couple of months at least. He was on no account to come near the vil-"old bird," as Bernezell called him,

when he did letters were to be

Bernezell smiled in his face as he

"I said you were a right merry old

rustic. Gretty lived here with her

and a very eager, pretty face.

said Gretty to herself, her fair face flushing with anxiety.

the miser's money into his face, and stigmatizing him as a villain refused before; an assassin is easily hired.

formity, may be avoided. Pupils should not be allowed to sit

in wet clothes. Not a little of the thirty years. \$1.00 per bottle.

folly in the argument, let us know.